

Firearms are Not Toys.

Two more deaths have lately resulted from "didn't know it was loaded" accidents—a mother killing her baby and a boy almost having his head blown off. Firearms are not toys. It is also unsafe to trifle with what are termed minor ailments. Insignificant though they seem at first, they are likely to develop into maladies of dangerous and complex magnitude. The best way is to arrest them at the start with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which check constipation, liver complaint and rheumatism, malaria, kidney trouble and nervousness. A decline in health is something we cannot afford to disregard. Independent of its sterling efficacy as a specific for chronic maladies, the Bitters is a superb tonic and promoter of appetite and sleep.

A Speculation in "Tutures."

Clerical Papa—What makes my little boy so thoughtful to-day?
Bobby—I was thinking about your beautiful sermon on Heaven, papa.
Clerical Papa—And what did you think my angel?
Bobby—I want to ask you a question, papa.
Clerical Papa—That's right Bobby, always try to apply the sermon. Now what did you want to ask?
Bobby—Papa, do you think we shall know each other in hell?
Bobby finds out later up stairs.

MEDICAL TREATMENT ON TRIAL

To Any Reliable Man.
Marvelous appliances and one month's treatment of rare power will be sent on trial, without any obligation, to any man who writes to the world in the treatment of men weak, broken, diseased, or suffering from any ailment. Complete restoration of health and vigor guaranteed. The time of this offer is limited. Address: ERIC MEDICAL CO., BUFFALO, N.Y.

Quill and Goose.

Newspaper—The price of feathers is away up.
Magazine—What's struck the geese?
Newspaper—They have started a school of journalism in Chicago.

The Horrible School.

"Now would you call Dauber an impressionist?"
"No," replied the other. "From my knowledge of his work I should call him a depressionist."

In a recent letter from Washington, D. C., to an old friend, Major G. A. Studer, for 30 years United States consul at Singapore, says: "While at Des Moines I became acquainted with a lieutenant known as Chamberlain's Pain Balm, which I found excellent against rheumatism as well as against soreness of the throat and chest (giving me much easier breathing). I had a touch of pneumonia early this week, and two applications freely applied to the throat and chest relieved me of it at once. I would not be without it for anything." For sale by A. C. Ireland.

No Katina.

"Will you attack a defenceless woman?" she asked, haughtily.
"Pardon?" muttered the Chicago foot-pat, and drew back.
For he was not devoid of chivalrous generosity.
And even by the street lights of his native city he could see that her bonnet was fastened on with a ribbon tied under her chin.

The Familiar Results.

"Were there any new points discovered in that investigation?" inquired one politician.
"No," replied the other. "Nothing but the usual crop of interrogation points."

A Restaurant Idyl.

Mary had a little lamb,
But she thought it was immense;
With new green peas and other things
It cost her ninety cents.

Chamberlain's Cough Remedy Always Proves Effective.
There are no better medicines on the market than Chamberlain's. We have used the Cough Remedy when all others failed, and in every instance it proved effective. Almost daily we hear the virtues of Chamberlain's remedies extolled by those who have used them. This is not an empty puff, paid for at so much a line, but is voluntarily given in good faith, in the hope that suffering humanity may try these remedies and, like the writer, be benefited.—From the Glenview (W. Va.) Pathfinder. For sale by A. C. Ireland.

In the Klondike.

First Citizen—That lady journalist who just came in from the States seems to be an authority on economy.
Second Citizen—How is that?
First Citizen—She has an article in the Chicago Courier on "How to Live on Twelve Hundred a Week."

Electric Light and Bedding Chair Cars.
On trains leaving Santa Fe daily, fast time and good service via the Santa Fe Route, Pullman tourist sleepers are running on these trains daily between Chicago, Kansas City and Los Angeles and San Francisco, weekly tourist service has been established via the Santa Fe Route, between Boston, New York, Pittsburgh, Pa., St. Paul, Minneapolis, St. Louis, Kansas City and Los Angeles and San Francisco, through reservation on these weekly lines, for particulars in regard to tourist service call on or address any agent of the Santa Fe Route.

H. S. Lutz, Agent,
Santa Fe, N. M.
W. J. Black, G. P. A.,
Topeka, Kas.

Dr. Gunn's...
For People Who Are Sick or Just Don't Feel Well.
ONLY ONE FOR \$2.00.
Remedy for Cough, Croup, Whooping Cough, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Asthma, Hay Fever, Eczema, Scabies, Ringworm, and all Skin Diseases. Prepared by Dr. J. H. Gunn, Buffalo, N.Y.

Maternal Advice.

In Chicago:
"Ah, which shall I marry, my darling mamma."
The Duke, the duke, or the preacher?
The doctor, the jockey, the packer of pork.
Or the banker? that horrid old creature!
They're all at my feet, but to tell you the truth.
For none of the lot do I hanker.
"My dear Marguerite," said her doting mamma.
"You'd better begin with the banker."

HASTA MANANA.

When all's in bud and the leaf still unfolding,
When there are ruby points still on the spray,
When that pink school gown your charm is withholding,
Then, Manuela, child, will you say:
"Hasta Manana! Hasta Manana!"
Until tomorrow, amigo, always.
And Manuela, when crimson and yellow
Peep through green sepals the roses of May,
And through black lace the bloom of your face is
Fresh as the roses, child, still you may say,
Through your mantilla, coy Manuela,
"Hasta Manana! Hasta Manana!"
Until tomorrow, amigo, always.
When all's in bloom and the rose in its passion,
Warned on your bosom, would never say nay,
Still it is wise in your own country fashion—
Under your opening fan only to say:
"Hasta Manana! Hasta Manana!"
Until tomorrow, amigo, always.
When all's in gray and the roses are scattered,
Hearts may have broken that brooked no delay,
Yet will tomorrow succumb to sorrow
Bring out eyes and lips that still can say:
"Hasta Manana! Hasta Manana!"
Until tomorrow, amigo, always.

Phrase of Castilian land! Speech that in language
Suggests procrastination for aye or nay—
From Sevilla's orange groves to remote Yanga,
Best heard from rosy lips—let this words say:
"Hasta Manana! Hasta Manana!"
Until tomorrow, amigo, always.
—Bret Harte in Cosmopolitan.

A TRIBUTE OF SONG.

There is no place on earth where utter helplessness comes on so strongly, where the ceremonies in human use fall so powerless before the majesty of the occasion, as at a funeral. It need not be that one's heart shall be interested. The obscurities of a stranger conducted with all the pomp and vanity of church and state, with the melancholy rolling drum of the military funeral, or the gorgeousness of the Masonic regalia, appear—all are alike inadequate and unavailing.

But once in my life have I witnessed a ceremony that was so grand, impressive and appropriate to the silent, awful occasion.
I will tell you of a funeral which lingers in my memory as the grandest, most solemn and befitting ceremony that was ever given to the dead.
It was rumored many years ago that a poor widowed woman, leading a hard life of unending labor, was called to part with the one thing dear to her—her only child. Mother and daughter had toiled together for 15 years, and the only bit of sunshine falling into their dark lives was that shed by their loving companionship. But the girl had always been sickly. Under the heart-breaking mother's eyes she had faded and wasted away with consumption, and at last the day came when the wan face failed to answer with its ghostly smile the anxious, tear-blinded eyes of the mother.

The poor young creature was dead. For many months the pair had been supported by the elder woman's sewing, and it was in the character of employer I had become acquainted with Mrs. Cramp and her story. By an occasional visit to the awful heights of an east-side tenement where they lived, by a few books and with some comforting words, I had won the love of the dying girl. Her grateful thoughts turned in her last hours to the small number of friends she possessed, and she besought her mother to notify me of the day of her funeral and ask me to attend.

The summons reached me upon one of the wildest days of winter. A sleet that was not rain and a rain that was not snow came pelting from all points of the compass. A wind that wailed in the chimney and howled in the street told how truly dreadful for outdoor purposes was the weather of the day. I piled the glowing grate, I drew closer the curtains and shut out the gloom of the December afternoon. I turned on the gas and sat down, devoutly thankful that I had cut all connection with the wicked weather, when an installment of it burst in on me in the shape of Parepa Rosa. She was Euphrosyne Parepa at that time, and the opera idol of the city. Muffled with tippets, flecked with snow, glowing with the short encounter she had had with the elements rushing up the steps from her carriage, she threw herself into an easy chair and proclaimed the horrors of the outer world to be beyond description.

And even as we congratulated ourselves on the prospect of a delightful day together there came the summons for me to go to the humble funeral of the poor sewing woman's daughter. I turned the little tear-blinded note over and groaned.

"This is terrible," said I. "It's just the one errand that could take me today, but I must go." And then I told Parepa the circumstances and speculated on the length of time I should be gone and suggested means of amusement in my absence.

"But I shall go with you," said the great, good-hearted creature.
"Your throat and old Bateman and your concert tonight?" I pleaded.
"If I get another 'froggy' note in my voice, it won't matter much; I'm hoarse as a raven now," she returned.
So she reworded her throat with the long, white comforter, pulled on her worsted gloves, and off in the storm we went together. We climbed flight after flight of narrow dark stairs to the top floor, where the widow dwelt in a miserable little room not more than a dozen feet square. The canopy-bearers, peculiar to the \$85 funeral, stood in the street below, and the awful cherry stained box, with its ruff of glazed white muslin, stood on uncovered trestles in the center of the room above.

There was the mother, speechless in her grief, before that box—a group of hard working, kindly hearted neighbors sitting about it. It was useless to say the poor woman was prepared for the inevitable end—it was cold comfort to speak to her of the daughter's release from pain and suffering. The bereaved creature, in her utter loneliness, was thinking of herself and the awful fate—of the approaching moment when that box and its precious burden would be taken away and leave her wholly

alone. So, therefore, with a sympathizing grasp of the poor, worn, bony hand, we sat silently down to attend the funeral."

The undertaker's man, with a screwdriver in his hand, jumped about in the passage to keep warm. The creaky boots of the minister belonging to the \$25 funeral were heard on the stairs. There was a cataract of conversation held out side between them as to the enormity of the weather, and probably the bad taste of the deceased in selecting such a bad time to die was discussed. Then the minister came in with a pious sniff and stood revealed, a regular Stiggins as to get up—a dry, self-sufficient man, icier than the day and colder than the storm.

He deposited his hat and black gloves and wet umbrella on the poor little bed in the corner; he slapped his hands vigorously together; he took himself in well merited fashion by the ears and pulled them into the glowing sensation, and after thawing out for a moment he plunged into business.

He rattled merrily through some selected sentences from the Bible. He gave us a prayer that sounded like a peal in a dried bladder, and he came to amen with a jerk that brought me up like a patent snap. He pulled on his old gloves and grabbed his rusty hat, and, with his umbrella dripping ink tears over the well scrubbed floor, he offered a set form of condolence to the broken hearted mother. He told her of her sin in rebelling against the decree of Providence. He assured her that nothing could bring the dead back. He inveighed against the folly of the world in general, and then he made a horrible blunder and showed he didn't know even the sex of the dead by saying, "He cannot come to you, but you must go to him."

This was a settler for Parepa and myself. We looked at the departing minister in blank astonishment.

The door swung wide; we saw the screwdriver waving in the air as the undertaker's man held converse with the clergyman. A hush fell on everybody gathered in the little room. Not one word had been uttered of consolation. It was the emptiest, hollowest, most unsatisfactory moment I ever remember.

Then Parepa arose, her cloak falling about her noble figure like mourning drapery. She stood beside that miserable cherry wood box. She looked a moment on the pinched, wasted, aye face upturned toward her from within it. She laid her soft, white hand on the discolored forehead of the dead girl, and she lifted up that matchless voice in the beautiful melody:

Angels, over bright and fair,
Take, oh, take her, to your care.
The screwdriver paused in describing an airy circle. The wet umbrella stood pointing down the stairs. The two men with astonished faces were foremost in a crowd that instantly filled the passage. The noble voice swelled toward heaven, and if ever the choir of paradise paused to listen to earth's music it was when Parepa sang so gloriously beside that poor dead girl.

No words can describe its effect on those gathered there. The sad mourner sank on her knees, and with clasped hands and streaming eyes the little land stood reverently about her.
No queen ever went to her grave accompanied by a grander ceremony. To this day Parepa's glorious tribute of song rings with solemn melody in my memory as the only real, impressive funeral service I ever heard.—"Planets and People."

Possibly the greatest case on record is that wonder of wonders, the late Dr. Hans von Bulow. He not only played all of Beethoven by heart upon the piano, but knew all the symphonies in the same manner, and practically the whole Wagnerian output of musical metal, and it is claimed that so great was the mass of the piano music which Bulow retained "within the book and volume of his brain," inscribed in mysterious hieroglyphics somewhere among the molecules of the gray matter constituting the cortex of his cerebral organ, that he could have played 26 piano recital programs without repeating and without a printed page. Since there go about 3,000 measures to the hour and two solid hours to an ordinary Bulow programme this would represent 100,000 measures of music, or about 4,000 large pages, something like eight or ten thick volumes.

Even Bulow was outdone by Rubinstein, in the field of piano music at least, for we can trust the anecdote mongers, for it is claimed that in one season at St. Petersburg he played a series of recitals which exhausted the literature of the piano and embraced 1,800 distinct compositions. It is mentioned of Mendelssohn that on one occasion, the score of Beethoven's "Sixth Symphony" having been misplaced, he raised his baton and directed the work from memory, but this does not seem to me a feat in the least remarkable, for the pastoral symphony is so extremely lucid and so bewitchingly beautiful that the only thing difficult or remarkable would be the forgetting of it. Mrs. Patti knew 40 operas, and Varesi, the baritone, knew 80.—John S. Van Cleave in Musical.

The writer was astonished on visiting the house of the inhabitants of Siam (says a traveler) to see a huge rat walking quickly around the room and crawling up the master's legs in a cool, familiar manner. Instead of repulsing it or giving an alarm he took it up in his hand and caressed it and then we learned for the first time, to our utter astonishment, that it was a custom in Bangkok to keep pet rats. These are taken very young and carefully reared until they attain a monstrous size from good and plentiful feeding.

A Pair of Them.
She—I detect a man who is always talking shop.
He—And I dislike a woman who always talks shopping.—Chicago News.



Death Sometimes Spares.

A pathetic story of fact is told by an ex-Confederate soldier of one dark night on the skirmish line during the war. When on the instant that his musket was aimed to kill a Union picket the latter, suddenly inspired with a sense of his own defenceless condition, began to sing those beautiful words: "Cover my defenceless head with the shadow of thy wing." The Confederate withheld his hand. He could not fire. The picket's life was saved.

Death sometimes spares the one who seems marked to die. Let me tell you of one despair, even in the darkest hour. Many a man who seemed picked out for death by consumption has found respite and safety through the use of that wonderful "Golden Medical Discovery," which Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., invented thirty years ago, and which has brought new life and hope to almost countless thousands of men and women.

Every day brings a multitude of letters to Dr. Pierce, telling gratefully what his medicines and his advice have done to restore health and happiness to homes where hitherto sickness and misery had reigned supreme.

A gentleman living in Stillwater, Washington County, Minnesota, Mr. C. J. McManey, writes: "In the spring of 1884, I was taken ill with consumption, and after trying everything I could hear of and doctoring all summer my physician said I had consumption, and that my left lung was nearly gone and that I could die at any time. About twelve bottles of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery brought me out all right, and I cured myself of two more attacks of the same trouble. I am satisfied that the 'Golden Medical Discovery' will cure consumption if taken in time. I consider it the best medicine in the world for the diseases for which it is recommended."

Worst of Them All.
Traveler—Don't you get tired answering so many fool questions?
Ticket Agent—Yes.
Traveler—Which one tires you most?
Ticket Agent—That one.

Mary's Biscuit.
Mary made some biscuit fair
And placed them on the table;
Her husband ate and ate and ate
As long as he was able.
All this occurred a week ago.
And the doctor does allow
That Mary's biscuit did the work—
For she's a widow now.

Book of Forms.
Lawyers will find the Book of Forms for pleadings, added to the new code, one of the most convenient and useful works in their practice. The NEW MEXICAN has this work on sale at the publishers' price, \$5.



A. T. & S. F. TIME TABLE
(Effective, January 17, 1898.)

Read Down		East Bound		Read Up	
No. 1, No. 22	No. 17, No. 1	No. 1, No. 22	No. 17, No. 1	No. 1, No. 22	No. 17, No. 1
3:30 p.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.	7:00 p.m.	Santa Fe, N. M.	3:30 p.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.
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6:00 p.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.	9:30 p.m.	Santa Fe, N. M.	6:00 p.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.
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7:00 p.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.	10:30 p.m.	Santa Fe, N. M.	7:00 p.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.
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4:30 a.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.	8:00 a.m.	Santa Fe, N. M.	4:30 a.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.
5:00 a.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.	8:30 a.m.	Santa Fe, N. M.	5:00 a.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.
5:30 a.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.	9:00 a.m.	Santa Fe, N. M.	5:30 a.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.
6:00 p.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.	9:30 a.m.	Santa Fe, N. M.	6:00 p.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.
6:30 p.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.	10:00 a.m.	Santa Fe, N. M.	6:30 p.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.
7:00 p.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.	10:30 a.m.	Santa Fe, N. M.	7:00 p.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.
7:30 p.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.	11:00 a.m.	Santa Fe, N. M.	7:30 p.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.
8:00 p.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.	11:30 a.m.	Santa Fe, N. M.	8:00 p.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.
8:30 p.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.	12:00 p.m.	Santa Fe, N. M.	8:30 p.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.
9:00 p.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.	12:30 p.m.	Santa Fe, N. M.	9:00 p.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.
9:30 p.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.	1:00 p.m.	Santa Fe, N. M.	9:30 p.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.
10:00 p.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.	1:30 p.m.	Santa Fe, N. M.	10:00 p.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.
10:30 p.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.	2:00 p.m.	Santa Fe, N. M.	10:30 p.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.
11:00 p.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.	2:30 p.m.	Santa Fe, N. M.	11:00 p.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.
11:30 p.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.	3:00 p.m.	Santa Fe, N. M.	11:30 p.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.
12:00 a.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.	3:30 p.m.	Santa Fe, N. M.	12:00 a.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.
12:30 a.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.	4:00 p.m.	Santa Fe, N. M.	12:30 a.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.
1:00 a.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.	4:30 p.m.	Santa Fe, N. M.	1:00 a.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.
1:30 a.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.	5:00 p.m.	Santa Fe, N. M.	1:30 a.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.
2:00 a.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.	5:30 p.m.	Santa Fe, N. M.	2:00 a.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.
2:30 a.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.	6:00 p.m.	Santa Fe, N. M.	2:30 a.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.
3:00 a.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.	6:30 p.m.	Santa Fe, N. M.	3:00 a.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.
3:30 a.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.	7:00 p.m.	Santa Fe, N. M.	3:30 a.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.
4:00 a.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.	7:30 p.m.	Santa Fe, N. M.	4:00 a.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.
4:30 a.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.	8:00 p.m.	Santa Fe, N. M.	4:30 a.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.
5:00 a.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.	8:30 p.m.	Santa Fe, N. M.	5:00 a.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.
5:30 a.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.	9:00 p.m.	Santa Fe, N. M.	5:30 a.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.
6:00 p.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.	9:30 p.m.	Santa Fe, N. M.	6:00 p.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.
6:30 p.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.	10:00 p.m.	Santa Fe, N. M.	6:30 p.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.
7:00 p.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.	10:30 p.m.	Santa Fe, N. M.	7:00 p.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.
7:30 p.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.	11:00 p.m.	Santa Fe, N. M.	7:30 p.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.
8:00 p.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.	11:30 p.m.	Santa Fe, N. M.	8:00 p.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.
8:30 p.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.	12:00 a.m.	Santa Fe, N. M.	8:30 p.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.
9:00 p.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.	12:30 a.m.	Santa Fe, N. M.	9:00 p.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.
9:30 p.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.	1:00 a.m.	Santa Fe, N. M.	9:30 p.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.
10:00 p.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.	1:30 a.m.	Santa Fe, N. M.	10:00 p.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.
10:30 p.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.	2:00 a.m.	Santa Fe, N. M.	10:30 p.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.
11:00 p.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.	2:30 a.m.	Santa Fe, N. M.	11:00 p.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.
11:30 p.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.	3:00 a.m.	Santa Fe, N. M.	11:30 p.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.
12:00 a.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.	3:30 a.m.	Santa Fe, N. M.	12:00 a.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.
12:30 a.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.	4:00 a.m.	Santa Fe, N. M.	12:30 a.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.
1:00 a.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.	4:30 a.m.	Santa Fe, N. M.	1:00 a.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.
1:30 a.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.	5:00 a.m.	Santa Fe, N. M.	1:30 a.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.
2:00 a.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.	5:30 a.m.	Santa Fe, N. M.	2:00 a.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.
2:30 a.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.	6:00 a.m.	Santa Fe, N. M.	2:30 a.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.
3:00 a.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.	6:30 a.m.	Santa Fe, N. M.	3:00 a.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.
3:30 a.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.	7:00 a.m.	Santa Fe, N. M.	3:30 a.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.
4:00 a.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.	7:30 a.m.	Santa Fe, N. M.	4:00 a.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.
4:30 a.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.	8:00 a.m.	Santa Fe, N. M.	4:30 a.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.
5:00 a.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.	8:30 a.m.	Santa Fe, N. M.	5:00 a.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.
5:30 a.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.	9:00 a.m.	Santa Fe, N. M.	5:30 a.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.
6:00 p.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.	9:30 a.m.	Santa Fe, N. M.	6:00 p.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.
6:30 p.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.	10:00 a.m.	Santa Fe, N. M.	6:30 p.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.
7:00 p.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.	10:30 a.m.	Santa Fe, N. M.	7:00 p.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.
7:30 p.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.	11:00 a.m.	Santa Fe, N. M.	7:30 p.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.
8:00 p.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.	11:30 a.m.	Santa Fe, N. M.	8:00 p.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.
8:30 p.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.	12:00 p.m.	Santa Fe, N. M.	8:30 p.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.
9:00 p.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.	12:30 p.m.	Santa Fe, N. M.	9:00 p.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.
9:30 p.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.	1:00 p.m.	Santa Fe, N. M.	9:30 p.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.
10:00 p.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.	1:30 p.m.	Santa Fe, N. M.	10:00 p.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.
10:30 p.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.	2:00 p.m.	Santa Fe, N. M.	10:30 p.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.
11:00 p.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.	2:30 p.m.	Santa Fe, N. M.	11:00 p.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.
11:30 p.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.	3:00 p.m.	Santa Fe, N. M.	11:30 p.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.
12:00 a.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.	3:30 p.m.	Santa Fe, N. M.	12:00 a.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.
12:30 a.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.	4:00 p.m.	Santa Fe, N. M.	12:30 a.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.
1:00 a.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.	4:30 p.m.	Santa Fe, N. M.	1:00 a.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.
1:30 a.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.	5:00 p.m.	Santa Fe, N. M.	1:30 a.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.
2:00 a.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.	5:30 p.m.	Santa Fe, N. M.	2:00 a.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.
2:30 a.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.	6:00 p.m.	Santa Fe, N. M.	2:30 a.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.
3:00 a.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.	6:30 p.m.	Santa Fe, N. M.	3:00 a.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.
3:30 a.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.	7:00 p.m.	Santa Fe, N. M.	3:30 a.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.
4:00 a.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.	7:30 p.m.	Santa Fe, N. M.	4:00 a.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.
4:30 a.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.	8:00 p.m.	Santa Fe, N. M.	4:30 a.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.
5:00 a.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.	8:30 p.m.	Santa Fe, N. M.	5:00 a.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.
5:30 a.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.	9:00 p.m.	Santa Fe, N. M.	5:30 a.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.
6:00 p.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.	9:30 p.m.	Santa Fe, N. M.	6:00 p.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.
6:30 p.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.	10:00 p.m.	Santa Fe, N. M.	6:30 p.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.
7:00 p.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.	10:30 p.m.	Santa Fe, N. M.	7:00 p.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.
7:30 p.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.	11:00 p.m.	Santa Fe, N. M.	7:30 p.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.
8:00 p.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.	11:30 p.m.	Santa Fe, N. M.	8:00 p.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.
8:30 p.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.	12:00 a.m.	Santa Fe, N. M.	8:30 p.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.
9:00 p.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.	12:30 a.m.	Santa Fe, N. M.	9:00 p.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.
9:30 p.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.	1:00 a.m.	Santa Fe, N. M.	9:30 p.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.
10:00 p.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.	1:30 a.m.	Santa Fe, N. M.	10:00 p.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.
10:30 p.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.	2:00 a.m.	Santa Fe, N. M.	10:30 p.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.
11:00 p.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.	2:30 a.m.	Santa Fe, N. M.	11:00 p.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.
11:30 p.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.	3:00 a.m.	Santa Fe, N. M.	11:30 p.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.
12:00 a.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.	3:30 a.m.	Santa Fe, N. M.	12:00 a.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.
12:30 a.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.	4:00 a.m.	Santa Fe, N. M.	12:30 a.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.
1:00 a.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.	4:30 a.m.	Santa Fe, N. M.	1:00 a.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.
1:30 a.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.	5:00 a.m.	Santa Fe, N. M.	1:30 a.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.
2:00 a.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.	5:30 a.m.	Santa Fe, N. M.	2:00 a.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.
2:30 a.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.	6:00 a.m.	Santa Fe, N. M.	2:30 a.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.
3:00 a.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.	6:30 a.m.	Santa Fe, N. M.	3:00 a.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.
3:30 a.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.	7:00 a.m.	Santa Fe, N. M.	3:30 a.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.
4:00 a.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.	7:30 a.m.	Santa Fe, N. M.	4:00 a.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.
4:30 a.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.	8:00 a.m.	Santa Fe, N. M.	4:30 a.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.
5:00 a.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.	8:30 a.m.	Santa Fe, N. M.	5:00 a.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.
5:30 a.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.	9:00 a.m.	Santa Fe, N. M.	5:30 a.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.
6:00 p.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.	9:30 a.m.	Santa Fe, N. M.	6:00 p.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.
6:30 p.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.	10:00 a.m.	Santa Fe, N. M.	6:30 p.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.
7:00 p.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.	10:30 a.m.	Santa Fe, N. M.	7:00 p.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.
7:30 p.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.	11:00 a.m.	Santa Fe, N. M.	7:30 p.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.
8:00 p.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.	11:30 a.m.	Santa Fe, N. M.	8:00 p.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.
8:30 p.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.	12:00 p.m.	Santa Fe, N. M.	8:30 p.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.
9:00 p.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.	12:30 p.m.	Santa Fe, N. M.	9:00 p.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.
9:30 p.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.	1:00 p.m.	Santa Fe, N. M.	9:30 p.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.
10:00 p.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.	1:30 p.m.	Santa Fe, N. M.	10:00 p.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.
10:30 p.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.	2:00 p.m.	Santa Fe, N. M.	10:30 p.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.
11:00 p.m.	Santa Fe, Ar.	2:30 p.m.	Santa Fe, N. M.		